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# THE WHITE GIANT AND THE BLACK GIANT

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# THE WHITE GIANT AND THE BLACK GIANT

THE WHITE GIANT'S CASTLE

*"Beautiful white towers reaching up to the mountains"*

# THE WHITE GIANT AND THE BLACK GIANT

By

ANNIE W. FRANCHOT

Author of "Bugs and Wings," "Max," "The Big Four and One More," and other stories

Illustrated by James Gamble

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

1924

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
*Printed in U. S. A.*

DEC 19 1924
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*To*

TWO LITTLE BOYS
I LOVE

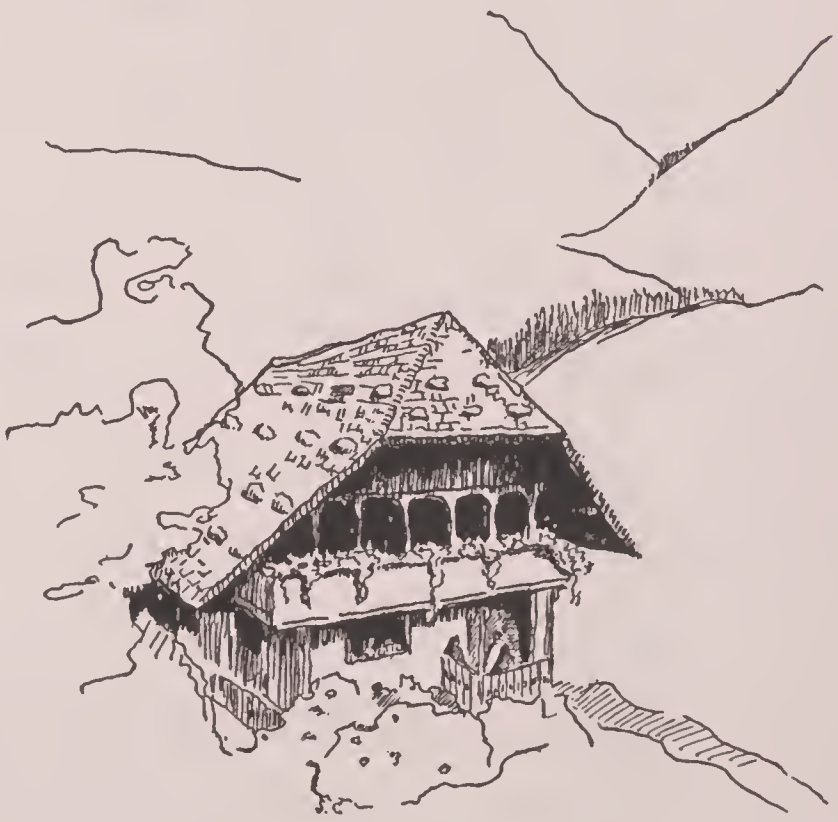
*"Tell us a story,"*
*My little ones said*
*When playtime o'er*
*They were ready for bed.*
*"Tell us a story of giants of old,*
*Of fairies and elves,*
*The ones you've told."*

*And so I gathered them close to me*
*In tender, loving intimacy*
*And told them the tale I'm telling you.*
*Of course, they asked as you will, too,*
*"Is it true, Gram, really true?"*

# THE WHITE GIANT

# THE WHITE GIANT

THIS is a story of the adventures—good and bad—of two boys, one an American, Roy Van Rensselaer, and one a Swiss, Ted Golay. When you have finished the story, you may tell me if you think they were good boys or bad boys.



Far up in the Alps, the snow-capped mountains of the beautiful country of Switzerland, in a chalet overlooking the valley of the River Aar and Lake Thun, lived the Swiss artist, Edouard Golay, his

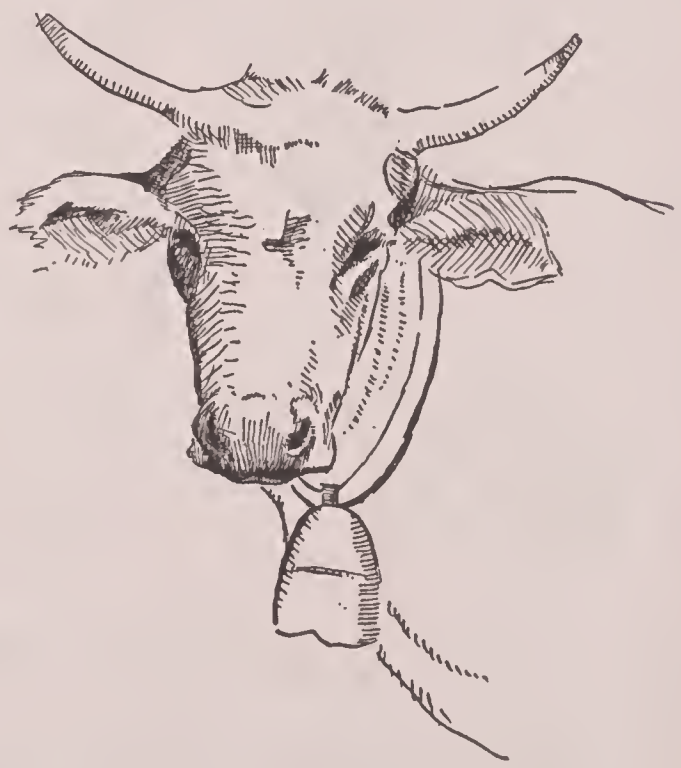
wife Marie, an American, and their son Edouard — called Ted. Their home was in Berne, the capital city of Switzerland, but in the summer they went, as soon as the snows melted, to the mountain home they loved so well.

With them, this summer of our story, was Mrs. Golay's sister's son, Roy. Mrs. Golay had visited her old home in New York in the spring and brought her nephew Royal back with her for the summer. Roy and Ted were almost the same age — Ted seven and Roy almost eight. They were great pals, and both loved the mountain life.

Mr. Golay painted many beautiful pictures of the mountains and the shepherds, but the boys liked best of all his pictures of the red-and-white spotted cows of the Canton of Berne.

The boys grew very fond of the gentle cows and liked nothing better than to be

with the shepherds at sunset, when each shepherd gave his call—the Ranz des Vasche (the cow call). The cows seemed to know their own shepherd's call, and although through the day the herds had been scattered over the pastures, they would obey the call, and each particular herd would file off in the direction of its own herdsman.



Every herd has its leader, called the "Dreichal kuhe," or the bell cow. This cow is very jealous of her place and allows no other to take the lead. She wears the largest bell.

The shepherd's call is mostly a yodel. The call, originally and oftentimes now, is played on the Alpine horn, a wooden instrument, five to eight feet long, made from

the curved root of the fir tree, usually covered with bark. Hundreds of years ago when there were many wars, the horn was

used as a speaking trumpet to call from one mountain to another a warning of the approach of the enemy. Again it was used at the close of day. The shepherds would sound "Good-night, good-night," repeated many times by other horns, and the thousand good-nights echoed through the mountains and valleys as the twilight curtain of Heaven closed on shepherds and flocks.

Ted and Roy liked to be with the shepherds when milking time came; to listen to the mountains echoing with the shepherds'

calls; the jingle-jangle of the cowbells as the cows hurried, as much as the slow cows can hurry, to answer their master's call.

When the cows were all home, the shepherd went among them giving each a handful of salt from a little bag hanging at his side. The boys were amused at the one-legged milking stool that

the shepherds wore strapped around their waist, the one leg sticking out like a dog's tail in the back.

The shepherd's constant companion is a long-stemmed pipe which hangs nearly to his waist. The shepherds often make these from the

branches of the fir trees and cut the bowls in the shape of faces.

The boys watched the shepherd make the big cheeses that looked like great cart wheels and are shipped from these mountain places to all parts of the world. But of these I will tell you some other day, for now I want to tell you of the boys' adventure.

Roy and Ted often took long walks through the mountain paths, but they would always return when they heard the shepherd's call and the jingle-jangle of the bells. One afternoon they were so busy talking of the wonderful things about them that they wandered far in the forest.

Ted told Roy of the great Swiss Giant Gargantus of the mountains, who, when he went out to walk, bestrode the valley with one foot on one mountain and the other foot on the mountain top across the valley,

The great door swung open

and whose breath would fill the valley like fog or frost.

Suddenly Roy exclaimed, "See, Ted, what place is this?"

Before them rose a great white wall and high gates of silvery-white birch.

"I don't know, I have never been here before," said Ted.

The boys tried to open the gate but they could not reach the latch, therefore they tried to climb over, but the bark was slippery, and so were their shoes from walking on the pine needles, and they slipped back at each effort. At last Roy's foot struck the latch as he came down, and the great gate swung open. The boys jumped down quickly and ran through the gateway before the gate swung back and latched again.

"We're in luck, Roy," said Ted.

"Gee, Ted, what is this place? Everything is pure white. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Oh, Roy, you are all white too — all but the end of your nose. That looks pretty black."

"And you, Ted, you are just beautiful, all but one ear, and that is black. Why is it, do you suppose?"

"It must be some magic place. It can't be bad when it is pure white. Look at those beautiful white towers reaching up to the mountains. It must be a castle; perhaps some giant lives here."

"It looks very mysterious to me, Ted. Let's go down this path."

So, hand in hand, and feeling like two adventurers, although a bit scared, down the path they ran.

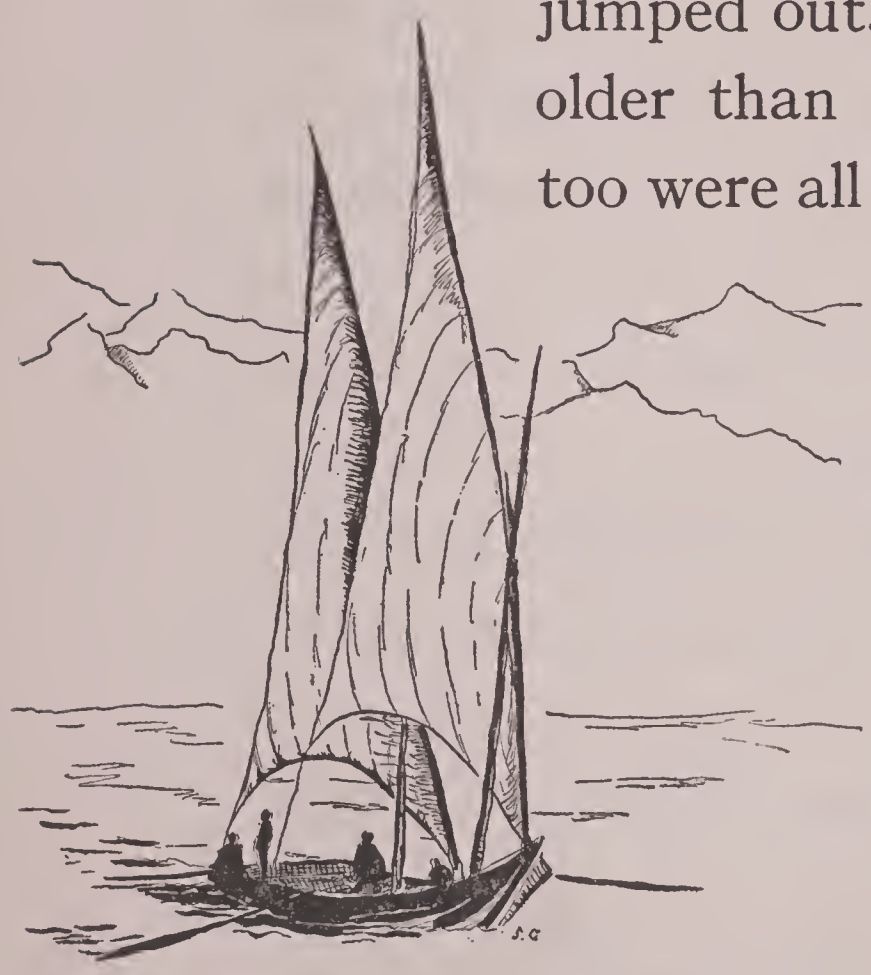
"Gee, Ted, you do look funny with that black ear."

"And you too, Roy, with your black-tipped nose. I wonder why we don't turn white all over."

"Oh, look, Ted, here is a lake, and see the beautiful boat. It is coming toward us."

"There is a head on top of the cabin. It looks like Santa Claus."

Both boys stood in open-eyed wonder, their hands clasped tight.



As the boat reached the shore, two boys jumped out. They were but little older than Ted and Roy. They too were all white, not even a nose or ear was black. They did not look to right or left until they had fastened the boat. They then knelt while a great White Giant stepped out of the boat.

Ted said in a whisper, "That head on the cabin was the head of the Giant."

Roy just winked.

As the Giant came toward them the boys dropped on their knees as the little white boys had done. The Giant was clothed in purest white, and his long white beard and hair shone like spun silver.

In a deep rolling voice he said, "Rise, boys, and tell me who you are and how you got in here. My gates are always closed."

Jumping up the boys said together, "We are cousins." "I am Edouard Golay," said Ted. "And I am Royal Van Rensselaer from the United States of America."

Teddy told of how they opened the gates, and the Giant said, "Hum! hum! hum! Someone has been careless; but it must be that you are good boys for I see you have turned white on entering, and only people who have pure hearts and minds turn white —but what is that I see on your nose, Roy? And what is the trouble with your ear, Ted?"

The little white boys, who stood back of the Giant, giggled.

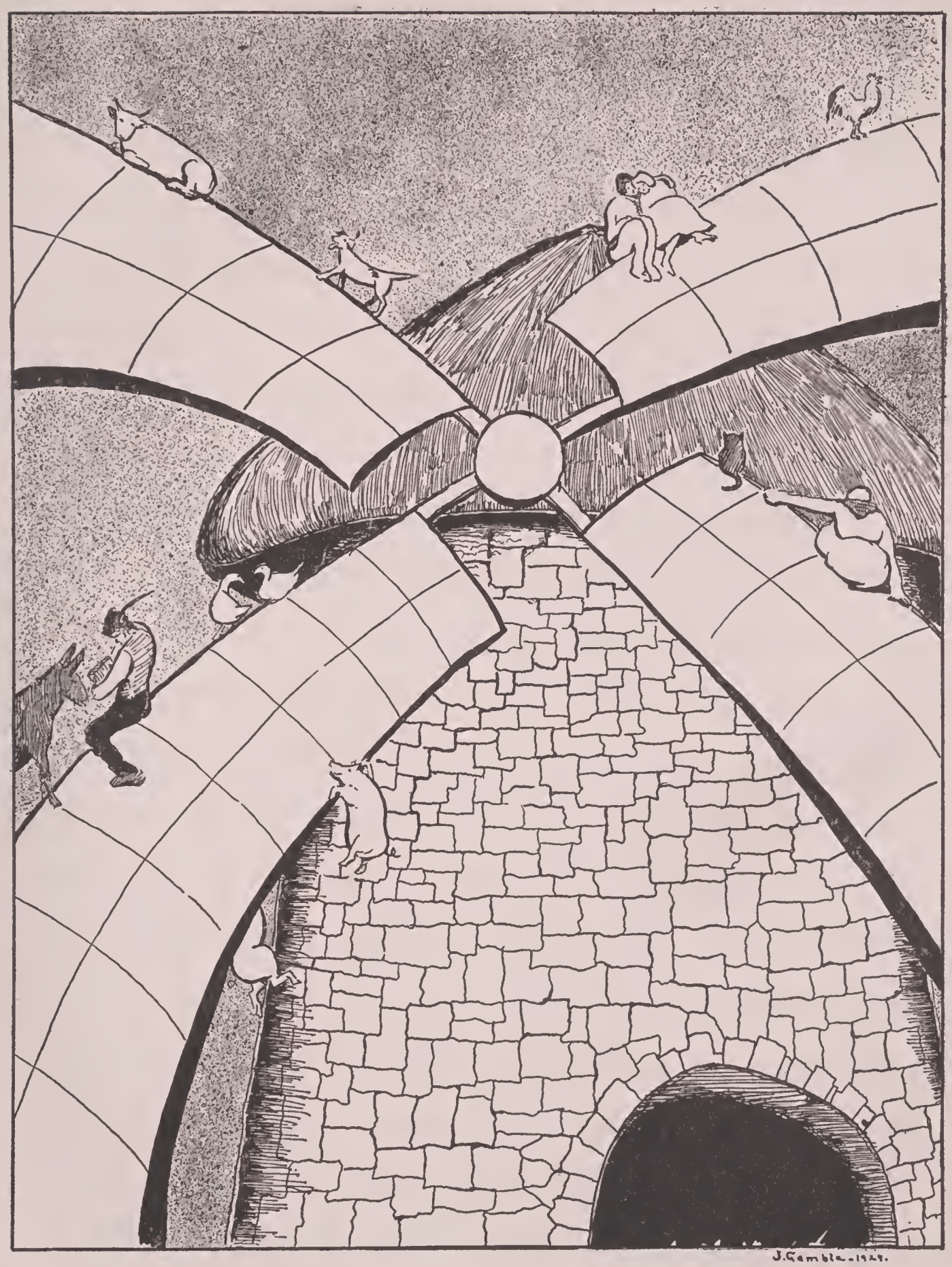
Roy said, "I was very naughty, Mr. Giant, before I left home. I thought I knew everything. I told my mother I knew more than she did, and now I have learned how little I knew. I did not know anything about this wonderful place, nor about the great mountains, and the shepherds and their call; the cows and the bell cow; how the great cheeses are made, and oh! so many things. I wish I could tell my mother this minute how sorry I am. I know now that she knows more in a minute than I know in a year. If only I could tell her how sorry I am," and Roy sighed heavily.

"It is because I was so naughty that my nose is black, I 'm sure, but I don't see why Teddy's ear should be black, for I have never known him to be naughty."

Teddy blushed right through his white

cheeks when he said, "Yes, I was very bad, Roy. I have not told you how I took one of the big cheeses the shepherds had made and rolled it down the mountain side. It was taller than I, and it rolled like a great yellow wheel—down, down, faster and faster it rolled until it reached a farm yard, where a mother pig with her six little pigs were rooting in the mud. The cheese rolled into the pigs, the pigs rolled with the cheese, the cheese and pigs rolled into an old woman milking her cow. The cow tossed the old woman so high in the air that she came down on the back of a donkey in the farm yard. The donkey brayed 'He-Haw, He-Haw,' and away they went, the donkey, the old woman, milk pail and milk, the pigs and cheese rolling faster and faster until they bumped into a peasant sitting under a tree playing his accordion. The peasant cried, 'Wait a minute, I must finish my tune,'

but rolling cheeses do not wait, so the man played on, as he rolled with the old woman, the milk pail and milk, the pigs, the donkey and cheese. They caught up the fowls in the farm yards; they caught up the dogs; they caught up the cats; they rolled into two lovers who were yodeling as they walked, and the accordion man called, 'Yodel on, I'll play,' and they yodeled and the man played, but the donkey brayed so loud, the pigs squealed so hard, the cow mooed, the dogs barked, the cats meowed, the rooster crowed, the hens cackled, the geese squawked, and it was hard to keep time to the music as they rolled. On and on, faster and faster they went until they reached the great highway; there they rolled into a herd of goats. The goats caught them on their horns and butted them so high they all landed on the arms of a windmill and had a fine ride. Then the wind began to blow, the wind-



The windmill's arms swung faster and faster

mill's arms swung faster and faster and tossed the cheese, the pigs, the donkey, the peasant, the old woman, the cow, the dogs, the cats, the chickens, the geese, and the lovers high in the air, and they came down in the Lake of Thun. They made such a splash that they were washed high and dry on the mountain side.

"The peasant said to the cheese, 'You old cheese! You started all this trouble and you must be punished.'

"The peasant took out his pocketknife and cut the poor battered and worn old cheese in many pieces, giving each one of his rolling companions a piece, but keeping the largest for himself. Then they sat down and talked it all over, but the cheese being so cut up, could n't tell them that it was my fault, not its fault, and so no one knew who really started the thing rolling."

When Ted finished, Roy was holding his

sides with laughter. The little white boys were laughing so hard that they had to sit down, and the Giant's face was all wrinkled up in the queerest way.

"Gee, but it was funny, Sir Giant," said Ted.

"Yes, I know it was, Ted, but do you think it is right to have fun when others have to suffer for it? I fear you will have to wear your black ear a little longer."

"Oh! Roy's nose is all white," said Ted, a little ruefully.

"Yes, Roy has proven himself sorry for what he did," answered the Giant.

Roy rubbed his nose and looked happy.

"Now, boys, would you like to see my grounds and castle?" said the great White Giant. "Remember, you must keep all wicked thoughts away—only kind thoughts and pure hearts live here. The wicked-hearted go to the Black Giant, whose heart

and life are black. Now, I will take you in my boat over to the forest."

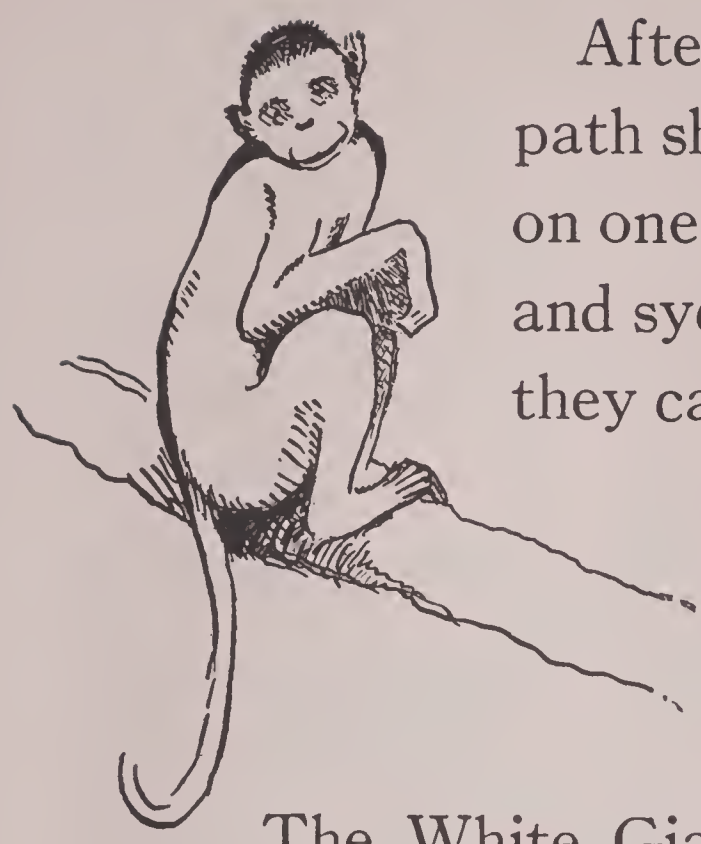
The White Giant got into the boat and sat down on a raised seat, with his head above the cabin so that he could see all about him.

The two little white boys showed Ted and Roy where to sit, and then untied the boat and jumped in. They raised the white sail and sailed swiftly away across the blue water.

The water of the Lake was the only bit of color on the grounds, and it looked like a blue jewel in a setting of white silver.

When they reached the other side of the Lake, the White Giant stepped out before they touched the shore and lifted Roy and Ted out, one in each hand, landing them safely on a bank of white moss. The little white boys tied the boat and soon joined the Giant.

They came to a forest . . . everything was white



After a short walk along a path shaded by a high white wall on one side and great white birch and sycamore trees on the other, they came to a forest. The boys gasped in wonder, everything was so white.

"Has it snowed here?" said Roy.

The White Giant laughed so loud and hard that the trees shook and queer little white objects came dropping down, and Ted caught Roy's hand in fright.

"Do not be afraid, boys, these are my pet monkeys," said the White Giant.

Ted and Roy turned to see the little white boys playing with the monkeys, one on each shoulder. When the monkeys jumped to Ted's and Roy's shoulders they were not afraid

and petted the little fellows as they had seen the other boys do.

Just as the monkeys swung themselves back into the overhanging branches, the boys heard a queer sound as out through the trees came a beautiful great white moose.

Teddy screamed and Roy snuggled close to the Giant. The Giant took the boys' hands, led them to the moose, and bade them pat his head. The moose licked their hands and tried to look pleasant, but when he smiled he showed his big teeth, and he looked very scary. He soon turned and went into the forest.

The Giant said something to the little white boys and they ran back, soon returning with an enormous bicycle with a great wheel in front and a small one in the back. The Giant lifted one leg over the saddle and at the same time lifted Roy and Ted,

putting one in the right-hand pocket and the other in the left-hand pocket of his coat.

"Now we can get on faster," said the Giant. "It is hard for you to keep up with me in walking."

The boys laughed and Roy said, "Gee, sir, this is fun."

And Ted said, "Yes, Sir White Giant, thank you, Sir White Giant."

As they rode through the forest, they saw many strange sights and heard many strange sounds.

"It sounds like the circus, Roy," said Ted.

At one turn they heard a queer B-r-r, B-r-r—and out from the forest came a great white bear, who sniffed at the Giant's pockets. The Giant reached in his pocket, took out

some big white crackers and told Roy to feed the bear from his hand.

The boys were now losing all fear. They fed the bear and thought it great fun.

A little farther on a big white lion with a shaggy mane came bounding out and loped playfully along by their side for a time, then went off to join his fellows in the forest.

The Giant gave the boys each a cracker and, as they were riding along looking to right and left, Teddy was astonished when the queer, long white head of a camel stooped down and took the cracker from his hand.

The Giant said, "Bad boy, Mohammed!"

Teddy said, "Oh! see, his ears have turned black like mine."

The Giant said, "Go into the forest, Mohammed, and do some good deed for your fellow creatures, and so regain your white ear."

The camel went off with his head hanging in shame.

Across their path ran many white rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, mink, and various small animals.

It was not long before they came to a great open space where, on the white grass, many children were playing. In the center of this great place a beautiful fountain played and little white cherubs were splashing in the water and shouting with glee.

One group of boys, about the age of Roy and Ted, were having a game of marbles; another group were playing with a great white football; another group of girls and boys were playing croquet, and still another were having a game of tennis. Swings and teeters were in full use. At one end of the place was a high seat with a canopy over the top and huge broad arms at the side.

The Giant seated himself there and put Ted on one arm, Roy on the other.

When the boys were seated they looked about them, and lo! in a circle around the place were all the animals of the forest and all the birds of the air. The little girls came from their play, danced up to the animals, tied big white bows on the moose's horns and made him look very foolish. They threw a long ribbon up over the giraffe's neck and, pulling down his head, rubbed his nose with great tenderness. The boys noticed that the camel's ears had grown white again, therefore they knew he had done some good deed.

Next, the girls decorated the camel, who picked them up with his great thick lips, seated them on the hump of his back, and took them for a ride around the circle

in such a queer, ungainly way that the children were all laughing. Then gently he knelt and let the little girls down again. Out from the animal circle came a great white bear. As he came toward them Roy and Ted saw that in his mouth he carried a large piece of white bark of the sycamore tree, on which was honey in the honeycomb. Now honey is a great treat to a bear, and it proved too tempting for Bruin. It was so near that he could not resist a bite of it. A bear's bite is quite a big bite, and there was not much honey left when he reached the Giant's chair and offered his gift to the boys.

The Giant touched his nose and said, "Fe, fi, fo, fum, Bruin. Thou hast done a greedy deed." Then Bruin's nose turned black.

Bruin turned, with his head down, and scrambled off into the forest to return a

few minutes later with another dish of honey, which he presented with great delight to the Giant and the boys. The Giant patted his nose and commended him; then his nose turned white again.

Teddy, seeing this, whispered to the Giant, "What can I do to have my ear turn white?"

The Giant said, "Do you see that little boy down there? He has hurt his foot. He cannot play with the rest. Can you do anything to make him happy?"

"I'll try," said Ted, as he climbed down from the great chair to the ground below.

He took some marbles from his pocket, ran to the little boy, dropped on the ground by him, and with a sweet smile asked the boy to have a game with him. The boy was delighted, and as the game went on Roy called, "Ted, oh, Ted, your ear is white! Your ear is white!"

Ted rubbed his ear and told the boy the reason why his ear was black.

"Why is it there is no fighting or scrapping here?" asked Ted.

"Oh, there *never* is here. Everyone is learning to be good before they go back home," said the little boy, "and everyone is happy. They don't want to fight or quarrel."

Just then the White Giant and Roy came to them, and the Giant picked up the little lame boy and said, "Now we shall go into the castle. It grows a little cold, and the animals have all gone into the forest."

The Giant carried the little boy. Roy and Ted followed as well as they could, running to keep up with the Giant's strides.

Up the great marble steps they went, and when they came to the big front doors the Giant roared:

"Fe! Fi! Fo! Fum!
It is your master;
I have come;
Open the door to me."

The doors flew open.

The boys saw a most beautiful large room. At one end was a huge white marble fireplace in which great logs were crackling. At the other end of the room, which was really a great hall, was a broad white marble stairway, and in the middle of the room was a long table covered with a pure white cloth and set with fine white china and sparkling silver, beautiful flowers, and candles in tall candelabra. At the ends of the table were great high chairs covered with white velvet. The plates, forks, spoons, and knives at these places were very, very large, but at the side places they were the usual sizes.

The White Queen was a beautiful woman, very tall, with silvery-white hair

The Giant put the little lame boy down very gently in a chair at the side of the table and bade Ted and Roy to sit by the fire on a high bench. Their feet dangled high above the floor. From a shelf over the fireplace, the Giant took down a great white book and gave it to the boys to read, and what do you think it was? "Jack the Giant Killer." The boys struggled to hold the book, but it was too big even with their four hands, so they slid down to the floor and, lying on their stomachs, were soon lost in the adventures of Jack.

"What's that, Ted?" whispered Roy, as beautiful music filled the room. Jumping up they saw coming down the long stairway a beautiful woman, very tall, with silvery-white hair, dressed all in glistening white, with a long white veil. With her were many young girls and boys. All the girls and boys with the tall lady were singing as they came.

This was the music the boys heard. A great organ underneath was made to play by the light and airy steps of the children on the stairs.

At the foot of the stairs stood the White Giant, and he was now dressed in a long robe of white velvet and his face was so white it fairly shone. His hair looked like white ostrich plumes as it curled on his neck, and his eyebrows looked like white spun sugar. His beard was in long white curls like sugar candy. He took the beautiful lady's hand and, as they came toward Roy and Ted, the boys bowed low.

"You are right, boys, to bow low to this lady. She is my wife, the Queen of this beautiful place. It is she who has made us all good and happy, and no one can be unhappy when she is near.

The Queen stooped and kissed Ted and Roy as they jumped on the bench and

stood on tiptoe to meet her. She then turned to all the girls and boys with her, and said to Ted and Roy:

"These are the girls and boys who are learning to be very good: to be pure in heart and to have perfect control of their tempers and tongues so that they may go out into the world to make the world better. When you meet a very true, good person in the world you may know she or he has come from the castle of the White Giant, the pure-hearted."

The Giant now took his Queen's hand and seated her at the table, putting Roy on one side and Ted on the other. The other boys and girls took their places at the sides of the table. The Giant was seated in the great white chair at the head of the table. They all bowed their heads while the Giant asked God's blessing.

When they looked up they saw the jolli-

est little elves bearing white dishes with everything good to eat — first white fish with white sauce, then white meat of chicken with foamy white sauce, and corn, white cauliflower, white cabbage, all beautifully decorated. The elves were grinning from ear to ear, making their faces look like cracked china. Two little elves carried high over their heads a huge loaf of white bread with a great knife. This they put down before the Giant who cut the bread in big slices which, using the knife for the purpose, he tossed way down the long table so skillfully that each slice landed on the plate where it was intended to go. This made all the little girls and boys giggle, and for a few minutes no one could eat.

The Queen told them many funny stories, and Ted and Roy laughed until they held their sides with laughter.

The last dish was the most beautiful of

all. The boys heard tiny bells ringing as down the great stairway came all the little white elves marching in time to the music, silver bells on their caps and sleeves.

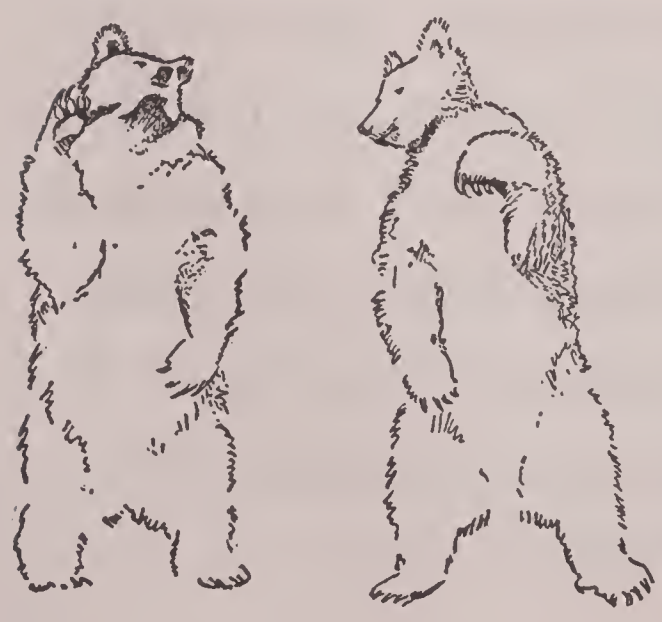
As they came down the stairway into the room, thousands of silvery lights came on all around them, and the elves danced to the music of organ and bells as they bore on great silver platters the most beautiful ice cream you ever saw, made like the Giant's castle, all in lacelike towers. Each boy and girl had a tower. With the cream was served a big white cocoanut angel-food cake.

When the elves had carried the empty dishes away, the Giant pressed a button. The tramp, tramp of heavy feet was heard as the great front door flew open. In came a parade of all the beasts of the forest in pairs just as they must have looked when they went into Noah's Ark.

First the elephants waltzed to the music of "The Blue Danube," played by the organ.

"Oh, oh, how funny!" said one of the little girls, and they *were* ridiculously funny as they tried to keep time to the music with their big, flopping white feet, their trunks swinging in time to the music. Then came the lions, trying to smile as they danced, and the smile was so funny that the children could hardly keep their faces straight. The kangaroos were very amusing, carrying their little boys and girls in their pockets.

"Oh, see the bears dance," said one little boy, as the two big bears stood on their hind feet and danced around together. Ted and Roy kept their faces pretty straight until the elephant lifted his trunk to Ted's plate and stole



his cake, his little eyes just dancing. Then the boys burst out laughing, and everyone laughed too, and the elephant danced round and round with the kangaroo. The elves fed all the animals, and then elves and animals left the great hall.

The Queen touched a bell and down from the ceiling came a long tray with something that looked like great white icicles, but proved to be the most delicious candy. Everyone had all they could eat, and the Queen filled all the children's pockets full to the top. Then they all went out to the garden and had the most delicious foamy soda water from a fountain at one end of the garden.

Roy nudged Ted and said, "Gee, Ted, did you ever have such a good time in your life?"

Ted answered, "Nimmer, nimmer"—which is the Swiss for "never, never."

The Queen showed the boys her lovely garden all full of fragrant white lilies, gypsophila, stocks, daisies, flox, and roses. She gave them bouquets of flowers to take home, and then the Giant came and said the boys must start for home, for Ted's mother and father would be worried. He clapped his great hands and up came two beautiful white ponies with white saddles and bridles.

Ted and Roy bowed low to the Queen, bade good-night to everyone in the garden, thanked the Queen and Giant, jumped on the ponies, and were off.

The white ponies dashed away, and when they came to the great gate they rubbed their noses on the latch and the gate swung open. Down through the mountain paths they flew. The boys held tight to the ponies' manes as well as the bridle. When they reached the chalet, the ponies knelt and the boys jumped off.

The ponies whinnied as they turned and dashed away, flying through the forest. The boys stood watching them going so swiftly back to their beautiful white home, and a feeling of longing to be in the place where everyone was so kind and good came to them as they turned to go in to tell Ted's mother and father of their adventure. Their hands met and Roy said, "Ted, I will be good, I *will* be good."

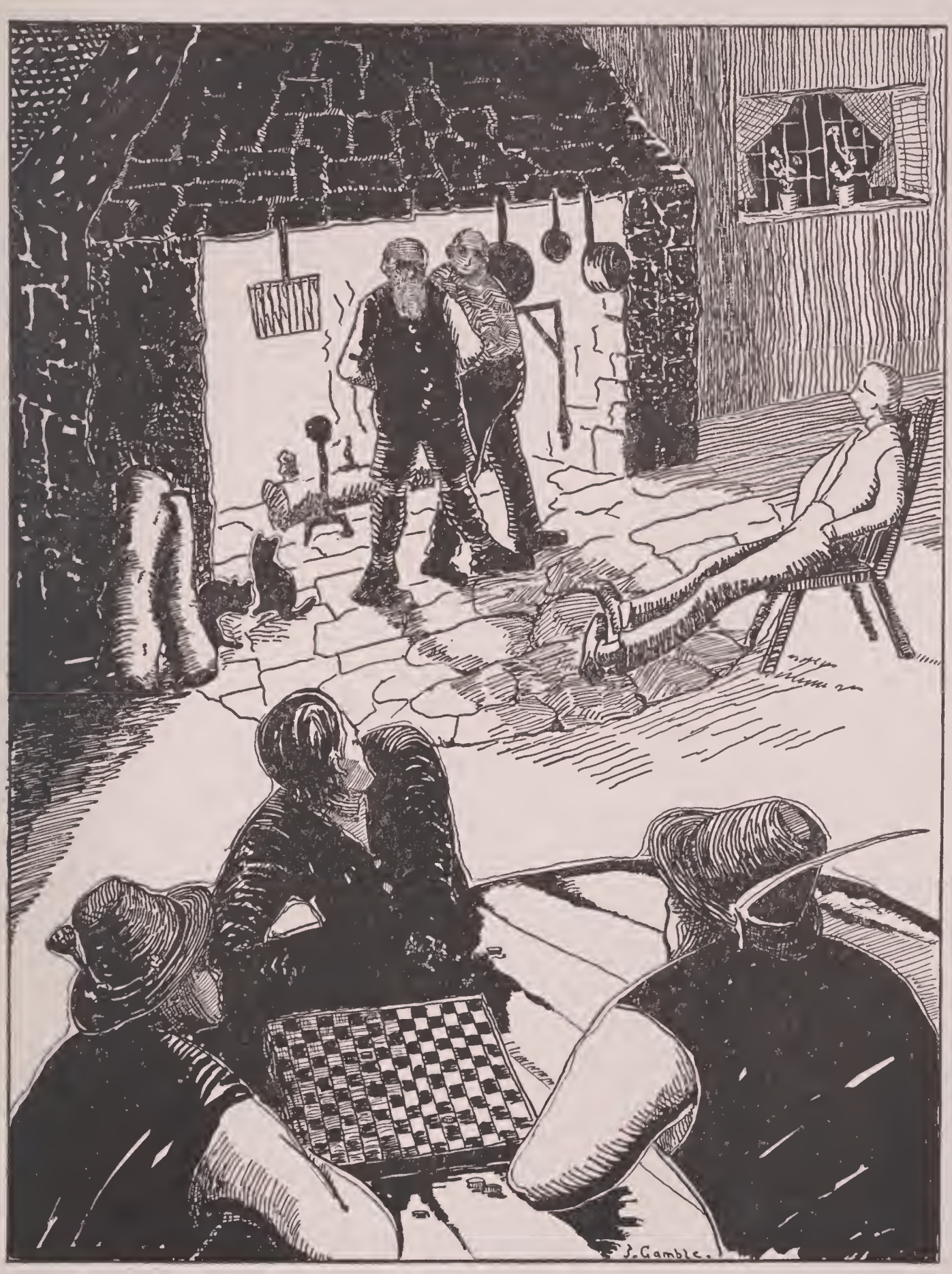
"I am going to try hard, Roy, to think of others first, and never again will I roll a cheese down the mountain side and hurt people's feelings as I did," said Ted, holding Roy's hand very tight.

The boys turned and put their hands to their ears to listen for the last echo of the ponies' feet, and then they went into the house.

. . . . . .

When, in the snug chalets on the moun-

tain sides, on winter nights, old men gather around the fire to smoke and gossip and talk of tales of old, I wonder if, when they tell the legend of the wonderful flying horsemen, they are not listening to the swift-flying feet of the white ponies hurrying to their beautiful white home far in the mountains.




Old men gather around the fire to smoke and gossip and talk of tales of old

# THE BLACK GIANT

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ROY and Ted walked many miles through the mountains trying to find again the White Giant's castle, but never, never more could they find it.

One day when they were walking through the mountains they suddenly came to a high black wall with great black gates all covered with black pitch and tar; sharp-pointed spikes ran along the top of the wall and gates so that no one could climb over. But boys, you know, will always find a way, so Ted and Roy tried crawling under the gates.

Roy's stomach was pretty fat and he stuck. Ted said, "Hold on a minute, Roy, I will help you."

Suiting the action to the word, he sat

Roy and Ted walked many miles trying to find again the White Giant's Castle

down hard on Roy's stomach while Roy squeezed through, — losing only a few buttons on the way. Ted was thin, so he managed to crawl through quite easily.

"Look at my buttons; only two left to hold my trousers. That's your fault, Ted Golay."

"Well, you wanted to get under the gate, didn't you? Who helped you, I would like to know," said Ted.

"Gee whiskers! look at yourself. You are a pretty-looking fellow, all turning black."

"And so are you, Roy; it makes me tired to look at you."

"This looks as if it were the Black Giant's place. Come on, let's investigate."

Roy pushed Ted ahead, making him stumble. He turned quickly and punched Roy in his stomach, and soon they were rolling over each other in a real fight.

When they had fought it out, Ted jumped

up and said, "What is the matter with us, anyway? I'm not really mad at you; I just want to quarrel."

"I know it," said Roy. "There is something queer about this. I've felt cross and mean ever since I crawled inside the gate. We must be in the Black Giant's place sure enough."

"What's that?" Both boys jumped at the sound of harsh, ugly, roaring laughter, and a tall black figure came toward them. They were blinded by the great yellow eyes of the Black Giant.

In an awful roaring voice he said, "Ha! ha! Queer, is it, that you crawled under my gates? I'll show you queerer things before you go out. Come on! Follow me."

The boys were so scared they could hardly make their legs go, but they knew they must pretend to be brave and unafraid, so they followed the Black Giant.

A tall black figure came toward them

"What an awful thing he is," whispered Roy.

And awful indeed he was. A man twelve feet tall, great, broad, round shoulders and back, arms and legs like tree trunks, and feet like elephant's feet. His face was all evil; his nose was long and wagged like an elephant's trunk as he sniffed the air about him, muttering to himself all the time:

"Ha! ha! ha! What do I smell?
Nice boys to eat,
But I won't tell."

His hair was black as night. It straightened out like seaweed. His eyes were so big and yellow they looked like automobile lights, but oh! so evil. Do you wonder the boys were scared almost stiff?

They had to keep jumping fast to keep up with the Giant, who looked back often to see if they were following.

They came to a river whose water was as black as night. The Giant took one step and was over, but the boys could not even jump part way over. The Giant turned and roared his terrible laugh that made the ground shake and the trees tremble.

"So you can't jump over this little river; pretty boys you are!"

He reached back and, with his big hand, caught the boys and swung them up on his shoulders. Poor Ted was so scared he fell off into the black water. The Giant reached down and caught him up roughly, shouting harsh words at poor Ted, who was spluttering with fear and soaking with dirty water.

When Ted was back on the Giant's shoulder, Roy reached back of the Giant's head to pat Ted's hand in sympathy, but the Giant shouted:

"None of that, none of that, we don't do such things here! Sit up straight, now, I

bid you, for we are going through the Black Forest and it is full of wild beasts who will smell nice little boys and be after them, but they can't have you for I want you for my Queen.

"Hello! here comes a big black bear now. Br-r-r, hungry, are you? Well, you can't have these nice little fat boys," and he kicked the bear with his great boot and it went whining off into the forest.

A hippopotamus was the next to come out of the forest. He sniffed at the boys, but the Giant grabbed his ears and twisted the poor hippo's head until he pulled away with all his might and went plunging into the forest, crying with pain and anger. The Giant laughed his terrible laugh, and the boys shivered with fright.

"Now we are going right through the forest. We will be lucky if we don't meet a giraffe or camel. They have such long

necks they might reach you and make trouble. Keep your feet up."

The boys were not as much afraid of the animals as they were of the Giant. Their experience in the White Giant's forest had made them love the animals.

As they were going through the black, black forest, Teddy felt a soft, warm nose in his face, and he screamed lustily.

"Oh, that's just an old camel," laughed the Giant, and he put his arm around the camel's neck and ran so fast he made the camel stumble, and when the Giant took his arm from her neck she fell to the ground, —again that horrible, mocking laugh.

"Oh! it is so dark," whispered Ted.

And just as he said this a crash of thunder echoed through the forest, and, as a flash of lightning lighted all about them, the boys saw queer things.

Many wild animals crouched, growling, in

the underbrush, their eyes shining through the leaves; snakes coiled around the tree trunks; and little imps of black monkeys swung down to tease the Giant, but he could never catch them, they were so spry, and that made him angry, of course. If he could not have his own way in everything, it made him very ugly. He had never been made to keep or control his temper, or to consider the rights of other people, and so, of course, he had grown worse and worse until now he was this terrible creature, whose body had grown but whose heart and mind had not, and both were dwarfed and full of wicked, selfish thoughts.

Both boys were so terrorized that when a bolt of lightning struck a near-by tree and came crashing in their path with that swishing, sighing, heart-broken cry a tree makes when it falls from its great height to the ground, they tried to jump, but the

Giant held them tight; then he popped them into a bag and swung them on his back. He said not a word, but stalked along, kicking here and there with his great feet at any animal in his path. The boys could hear the poor things howl or cry as they ran away.

The boys did not dare peek out of the bag, but held tight to each other until at last they could hear no more the crush of the dead branches under the Giant's feet, and so thought they were in the open again, but where, oh, where were they!

The thunder still rolled and the lightning crashed, but the Giant strode on. Soon they knew they were going upstairs, for they swung back from the Giant's back as he lifted his great feet, and then there was a thundering noise as the Black Giant's great knuckles knocked on the door.

There was a creaking and groaning as

The Black Giant's Castle

the doors swung back and the Black Giant stepped in and roared his orders to the people inside. With a thump and an evil word the Giant dumped the bag on the floor, and the boys jumped out, but when they saw the great cold, dark room, and the scary things about them, they whispered they wished they were back again in the bag.

The Black Giant grabbed them by their collars and pulled them over to one end of the room where, on a raised platform, the boys were more scared than ever when they saw the Queen, who was nearly as wide as the Giant was tall. Her feet were heavy and as large as the two huge turtles on which they rested.

The turtles' heads were constantly moving from one side to another, as if they longed to get away from those awful feet.

The Queen's face was broad and shaped

like a watermelon; one eye was very, very large and evil, as large as a teacup. The other was very small, and lo! the left ear, which she always kept turned away from the Giant, was white.

Ted whispered to Roy, "There is a little bit of good in the Queen. Her left ear is white."

This was a little bit of comfort in this terrible place of evil and blackness.

The boys knelt before the Queen as near to her left ear as possible, but the Giant pulled them to their feet. When they looked up and saw the Queen's great evil eye looking at them they trembled anew.

For a few minutes the boys were forgotten as the Giant and Queen began quarreling, and it sounded as if all the wild beasts of the forest were growling.

On the right of the platform, by the Queen's chair, crouched a great wildcat, growling

and snarling and trying to break her chains. On the other side of the Queen's chair, pacing up and down, fretting at his chains, was a great black jackal with his hideous grin and howl. On the back of the Queen's chair were perched great owls, blinking their yellow eyes.

The boys looked around them while the Giant and Queen were busy quarreling, and they saw to their horror a row of coal-black cats, fully a yard tall, all sitting on their tails in a row all around the room. The cats' eyes, with the eyes of the other animals, were the only lights in the room. The cats were snapping at their chains, as were the wolves, chained in a row back of them.

Roy said, "Ted, there is no good here, everybody and everything is evil. We must

watch ourselves and keep our thoughts pure or we will be thinking of doing evil too."

"Yes, Roy, I've been thinking that too, but how are we ever to get away from this awful place?"

"I don't know, Ted, but we must watch for some chance."

"Want a chance to get away, do you, young man?" and the Giant whirled around. "You won't find any chance to get away from here; we like little boys, don't we, my beautiful Cleopatra? Ha! ha! he! he! ho! ho! hum-m-m! Come now, I'm hungry, we must have some supper," and, without thinking of anyone else, he seated himself in a high chair at the end of the table and rang a bell that echoed through the castle.

As Roy and Ted offered their arms to the Queen, she actually smiled out of her little left eye. She leaned heavily on the boys' arms. As she took her great feet

from the turtles' backs they drew their heads in for a rest.

The Queen was dressed in black velvet and wore many big jewels. From her ears hung long black earrings, studded with jewels, and bangles jingled on her arms from wrist to shoulder. From her waist hung a long leather whip.

The boys finally got her to the table and seated her. She then told them to be seated near her. She asked them their names, and really seemed interested when Roy said he was from the United States of America.

Many tall, thin black goblins came in bearing the food. The black bean soup had been served to the Giant and he was splashing it to his mouth with a great deal of noise. The boys found the soup rather pleasant. Every other course was burned, and the Giant glowered at them so they were afraid to eat and afraid not to eat.

A little black dwarf, hideous to look at, came in and jumped upon the table and whispered to the Queen in her black ear, so loudly that Roy, sitting near, heard him say, "Oh, Queen Cleopatra, the man will not milk the cow and there is no milk for dinner."

The Queen boxed his ears soundly and said, "Put the man in the dungeon and bring the cow to me. I will milk her."

The dwarf hopped down and disappeared, but soon returned riding on a big black cow. They came to the Queen and the cow cried, "Moo, moo," shook the dwarf to the floor, and sidled up to the Queen.

The Giant paid no attention to anyone, intent on gobbling his food. The boys thought he was worse than the "Goop" family by far.

The Queen milked a tankard of milk and

sent it to the Giant. Then because the cow whisked her tail to brush away a fly, the Queen took the whip at her side and whipped the poor cow so hard that the next cup of milk was buttermilk and the next beaten to cheese. Then with a lash of the whip the cow and dwarf disappeared, and Ted was sure he saw real splash tears in the cow's eyes.

How miserably unhappy everyone was! The Goblins brought in a huge black chocolate cake and the boys began to cheer up a bit, but alas! selfishness again spoiled everything, for when the cake was put on the table the Giant reached for it and, drawing it to him, took all but a small slice, and that he sent to the Queen. The white ear must have whispered, "Give some to the boys," for she broke two pieces and slipped them under the plate to Roy and Ted. They did not dare to thank her in

words, fearing the Giant would hear, but they smiled their thanks.

"That's her white ear, all right, Ted," whispered Roy, and Ted pinched Roy under the table in understanding.

The goblins never spoke; they looked too unhappy to speak. The animals were howling for food. The Giant threw bits at them, and when a piece of meat landed in an open mouth he laughed so hard the very rafters shook and everyone was still.

The Queen ordered the goblins to feed the animals what was left on the table and the pieces were so small that when the tiger's turn came, by mistake she swallowed the goblin and all, and no one seemed surprised. The lion roared; he wanted a goblin too, but the goblins had all taken to their heels and disappeared.

The Giant went over to the lion and twisted his tail until the poor beast howled

in pain, but he could not reach his tormentor for he was tightly chained. Then the Giant whisked the lion's tufted tail into the face of the tiger, and when he had made the animals howl with anger, he laughed his awful laugh.

Roy and Ted clung together, trembling with terror, but trying to be brave on the outside.

Next the Giant came over to the Queen and said mockingly:

"And why don't your polite little boys help you back to your throne, my beauty?"

At that he took her by her arms and tossed her in the air and she landed on her throne chair. The boys then saw her white ear turn all black.

The Giant was in a playful mood. "Now my beautiful Cleopatra," roared the Giant, and his face was horrible to look upon, "Have the big oven made hot. These little

boys are too white-hearted. We like little black boys, nice little roasted black boys. Don't we? Ha! ha!"

The boys were surely white enough now. They clung together without a pretense of bravery. Roy whispered to Ted:

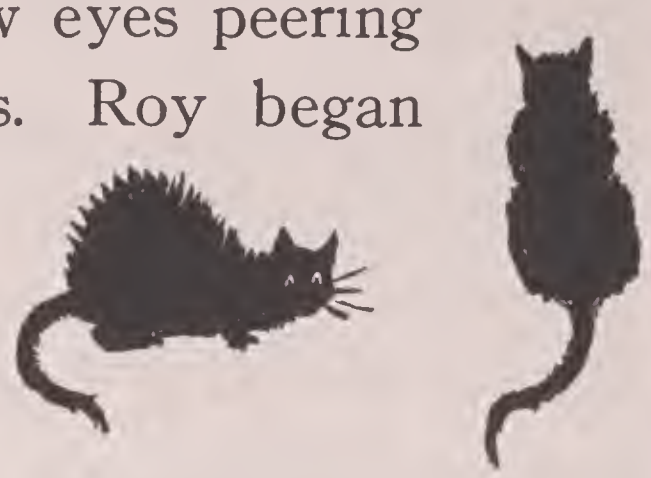
"Think hard, Ted, about good things and let us keep our hearts right, and some help will come."

"Yes, Roy dear, I'm trying hard. I don't feel cross now any more."

Just then there was a fluttering of big wings, and down the black chimney came two great pure white storks.

Without waiting to say, "How do you do!" one picked up Ted and the other picked up Roy and, before the Black Giant or his Queen could get on their feet, out the window they flew—out into the darkness of the castle grounds—up over the castle, which the boys saw now for the first

time. It was built of black coal, cemented with tar. In all the upper windows were cats, their queer yellow eyes peering out into the darkness. Roy began searching his pockets, and he brought out some matches. He struck them and dropped them on the roof of the black, black towers as they flew over them.



"Oh, Roy, what have you done?"

"Watch, Ted, and see."

In a minute the towers of the castle were burning like great torches. The animals came roaring out of the woods in terror.

The great white storks flew on and on away from the place of evil, far over the beautiful mountains, until they came to a lake whose waters were clear blue in the early morning light. The birds flew down, and before the boys could say, "If you

Over the burning towers the white storks carried the boys

please," they were dipped for an early morning bath in the cold water. In they went two or three times, and then they were lifted to the shore and fanned dry with the storks' great wings.

When Ted got his breath he said, "Won't you tell us please, Mr. Stork, how you chanced to come to us just in time to save our lives? That awful Black Giant was going to roast us in a big oven to make us black."

"Oh, my dear boy, it was no idle chance. It was by the order of the White Giant that we came to save you. It was he who knew you were in great danger, and he bade us tell you he hopes you will never do wrong again."

"Oh, never, never, never," said Roy, and "Nimmer, nimmer, nimmer," said little Swiss Ted.

"Was it wrong, Mr. Stork, for me to drop the lighted matches on the castle?" asked Roy.

"Your matches only burned the outside of the towers, Roy. The Giant's rooms inside are all fireproof. Otherwise he would have been burned out long ago, for he is so full of wicked thoughts and selfishness that everyone wishes he were out of these beautiful mountains."

"Oh," sighed Roy. "And I don't know, do you, if he were sorry or glad?"

The storks now made sure the boys' clothing was dry. Then they picked up the boys and flew away over hill and valley to the chalet on the mountain side. They flew through the open windows, put the boys in their beds and pulled the covers over them, and before Roy and Ted could say a "thank you," they flapped their big wings good-by and were gone.

Roy and Ted snuggled down to happy sleep after deciding to wait until morning to tell Ted's parents of their adventure.

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